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## *Set Up the Machinery Now*

THE FACT that there is so much talk about post-war planning these days in the press and on the street corner is no indication that the United States will not return to its old ways of isolation once the guns are silenced. Under the impact of the war we, and other involved nations, are willing to make commitments to prevent future cataclysms; but we soon forget. Now is the time to set things in motion, while we can.

Currently there are before the Congress proposals to set up special Congressional commissions for the purpose of drawing up post-war plans ahead of time. A number of these have principally to do with methods of assuring full employment and full production after demobilization—a prime consideration. But it is also proposed that a bi-partisan commission be set up to explore thoroughly while there is time the rôle of the United States and the United Nations in the years following the cessation of hostilities. Whatever plans were formulated or agreements made could then be safe from repudiation on partisan grounds—we would be reasonably secure this time from performances at all similar to that of the elder Cabot Lodge. And as American sentiment for concentrating on our own difficult affairs grows stronger, it will be essential to have the plans already laid and supported by their authors and collaborators in the halls of Congress itself.

Public pressure is growing also for the instituting of a United Nations Council now, while the war is at its height. It is no secret that the disaffection between certain allies is considerable. Despite the courtesy shown Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese have thus far been treated shabbily here. Not only have their lend-lease supplies been pitifully meager, but representatives of China have been barred from any effective participation in the allied war councils. Controversy is currently raging over the new borders Russia will demand mostly at the expense of several of our smaller allies who are at present capable only of passive resistance or struggle from a distance on a minor scale. And the British have consistently taken the stand that we should fight the war and leave till later the discussion of such difficulties.

The work of a United Nations Council, then, would not be easy sailing. Yet morale-crippling disaffection can be fatal at such a crucial time. Moreover, the longer we put off facing the complexities that lie ahead, the less chance we shall have of finding the solutions needed to guarantee that this terrible war shall not have been fought in vain.

It is one thing to maintain that the precise territorial and organizational arrangements cannot be formulated so long as so large a sector of the tide of battle remains in doubt; it is another to declare that nothing solid can yet be done. It is good to be able to report that the State Department promises to take the lead in instituting economic negotiations and even hints at more comprehensive matters. It is high time. For successful prosecution of the war, for victory in the peace, we must take a definite step: we must set up the necessary national and international machinery right now.

## *Alternatives to the Fourth Term*

IT MAY BE somewhat previous to bring up the question of a fourth term for President Roosevelt, but talk of it is already in the air. Traditionally unpolitical and consistent with our ideal of discussing each case as it deserves, we shall attempt here only to set forth some of its leading elements. The important thing is that successful prosecution of the war and following through with a just and durable peace come first. And included in that objective is the preservation and expansion of some of the principal social gains for which the New Deal has been responsible. The question then is, can these things be done without the otherwise undesirable development of a fourth-term?

Without any reflections on Mr. Roosevelt's record or his abilities, many Democrats would welcome a successor to carry on his foreign policy and the New Deal if a strong candidate can be



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found. The discovery and building up of such a candidate require months. Is it possible to uncover a Republican candidate who would meet the requirements and might even take an intelligent stand against the dangers of bureaucracy, over-centralization and statism thus far inherent in the New Deal? The antics of the current opposition in Congress would not lead one to think so. But that door is not yet closed. This is a time of great upheavals and the opposition may yet become spurred to bring forth a progressive, positive program to preserve and develop the gains of the past decade. At present writing the danger of a fourth term is imminent. It is up to those who most violently oppose it—both Democrats and Republicans—to come forward with feasible alternatives within the next twelve months.

### *Loud Applause*

GOOD THINGS have been happening in Washington, and they have gone almost completely without notice or acclaim. We hereby notice and acclaim them. Everybody and his ten brothers have been squawking about centralization—centralization of this, centralization of that, centralization of everything. It is therefore a pleasure, and a duty, to report that in at least one department there has been a strong movement toward decentralization.

That department is the War Labor Board. Labor disputes had piled up to fantastic heights and impatient workers had pulled a few unnecessary strikes or stoppages—for example, last week Boeing workers stopped making Flying Fortresses for four hours, after their demands for a needed raise had lain in the WLB's lap for ten months. The moral was obvious: WLB decided to split its work among nine regional boards, also tri-partite, that is, representing labor, management and the public. Most of these have now been set up, and at least four of them include Catholic priests among their "public" members—men who are experienced in labor problems.

The board also established tri-partite commissions in several industries, including lumber, trucking and non-ferrous metals, with the power to settle cases subject to its own review. And last week the WLB created an advisory panel for the newspaper industry, on which business, labor and public are all fairly represented.

Our enthusiasm over these moves is only surpassed by our hopes for what may come out of them. Particularly promising is the creation of commissions and panels in separate industries, a step that might easily lead to the foundations of a real, honest-to-goodness, absolutely invaluable set-up of industrial and economic democracy. If the WLB is looking for applause, here it is: loud and long and deep.

### *Poor Mr. Viereck*

EVEN IF Germany won the war the busy German officials busy in City Hall renaming the streets of New York would think of the name Viereck only after they had finished with the avenues, finished probably with all the streets of Manhattan. There might be some little side street somewhere, with a mortician's establishment, a quick-lunch, some tenements, and it might be named Viereck Street. And no sooner would the plate be fixed on the lamp-post than people would be asking who was Viereck and no one would be there to answer.

To some degree it is depressing that this man's loyalty to Germany—under the Kaiser, under Weimar, under the Nazis—persistent, unashamed and open, should have brought him no greater fame. In all sincerity we feel that Mr. Viereck has had tough luck. As a propagandist his effectiveness was not entirely negligible years and years ago, before the United States entered the last war. He failed then as he has failed ever since to persuade Americans that Germany's cause, simply because it was Germany's cause, was a just cause naturally and that America's enemies naturally were the British. But that was not his fault; it was Germany's. Undaunted he kept plodding forward through the years, repeating himself, increasingly futile. He was no man to understand the wave of the future. He lived in the past. So much did he live in the past that the books which came forth from Flanders Hall—until America went to war—with their insistence on Ireland's wrongs, the London slums, the hundred families who rule the Empire, seemed dull reissues of a story long since told. All over the world men were taking part in a debate of supreme importance—not Mr. Viereck.

Finally Mr. Viereck was arrested and handed not to the headsman according to the German custom but to the jailer according to our own. His conviction was obtained on a technicality, the failure to report his well known activities to the State Department. It was obtained also by means of the cheap oratory of Mr. William Power Maloney, the Prosecutor, who spoke about the boys on Bataan and asked the jury to do their duty too. The Supreme Court has now rebuked Mr. Maloney for his bad taste and has reversed the conviction on technical grounds.

So here is Mr. Viereck's name back in the news. Possibly from his point of view it has come back into the news in the worst possible way. For his name now illustrates nothing about his modest person, nothing about the cause he has served for so many years—but much, indeed, about the institutions of this country which his friends despise. It illustrates the fact that in America, in war time, justice has not gone on vacation.

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# To Labor Leaders

THERE is a chance. There is a possibility. There's a chance that if the American labor movement took it up and gave it a play, really beat a few drums and rang a few doorbells, it might go through. That extra weight might be just enough to tip the scales in favor of Christian decency, and the survival of Europe's children.

We are speaking, of course, of feeding Europe's starving children—speaking of it for the second week in a row, but not the second time. And we are speaking to American labor leaders, not just because they have a nice, new lobby in Washington—a powerful new lobby whose creation we welcomed with enthusiasm.

We are speaking to them mostly because they are in the business of helping people, especially poor and hungry people, and not just for what they can get out of it—the pay check and the publicity and the crowds applauding—but because helping people is in itself a reward that warms the heart and mind, that raises life above the universal boredom of selfishness.

And yet our appeal to them would not be exclusively on a hearts-and-flowers level. "Help save the lives of starving children, and get a warm glow." God forbid. The demand on their consciences is much more imperious than that, the price of indifference much higher. This is not to deny, however, that indifference is understandable. Let's be honest: the fact is, we have been much too indifferent ourselves. The children of Europe are far away, and mostly in enemy territory. It is a problem for the military men, or for the British blockade, or for the Quakers, or for Herbert Hoover—that is the natural reaction.

Few of us know that most military men have no objections, realizing as they do that there is much more to this war than killing children in France and Norway, Greece and Belgium, before we beat Hitler and his still well-fed army to their knees. Few of us know that Swedish ships are available, that money is available, looking for takers, that the food is available, looking for buyers. Few of us know that the only thing lacking is a little more pressure on Washington and London.

Why can't we exert that extra pressure? Basically, we suppose, it is a lack of imagination. Nothing in the world is less popular than the effort to imagine the misfortune of others, really to see it, and feel it in our bowels, really to taste the agony, or the ache, or the blinding despair, or the dumb, inarticulate hopelessness. We know in our hearts that once we feel it we must sympathize, and once we sympathize we must help, and once we help we must go on helping those who suffer everywhere. And so it is much easier just not to see it at all in the beginning.

Why do you think, labor leaders, that so many rich American employers were indifferent to the sufferings of their discharged or underpaid employees during the depression, or even now? Surely it was not because they are all heartless Shylocks, penny-pinching Scrooges who would rather see a baby die, or a family go hungry, than let one extra dollar slip through their greedy fingers. They aren't bad men, most of them. Toward their own relatives and friends, toward their own children, they are capable of quite extraordinary love and tenderness, quite heroic sacrifices. No, it is imagination that they lack, or rather the will to imagine, because that kind of imagination comes naturally to men of good will, and it is hard just to the degree that we, all of us, allow our wills to relax behind a facade of comfort and smug content.

No group, no class, no nation can long survive if it has lost this power to imagine the sufferings of other groups, other classes, other nations—and the will, the good will, to relieve them. Even though it survive for a time, it certainly cannot call itself Christian, it cannot even look at itself in the mirror and say with any confidence, "I am decent, I am civilized, I am worthy of the love and respect of my children."

The same thing is true of American labor and of you, labor leaders, who hold such a large slice of its destiny between your fingers. American labor is on the spot right now. Is it true what the Peglers say, that labor officialdom is concerned only for its own skin? We know it is not true, we know it's a lie. But does the American public know it, do the children of Europe know it? You could tell the American public by telling the children of Europe, that the heart and mind of American labor are not indifferent to their suffering, that we have the imagination, and the will, to keep them alive.

The fathers of those children are, most of them, workers like ourselves, and were many of them trade unionists like ourselves in the days when there were free trade unions on the continent of Europe. Now they work in Hitler's factories, and they work there mostly because it is the only way to get food for their families.

Is it only Marxists who believe in the solidarity of the working class? As a matter of fact, the *New Leader* is sarcastic about this cause; the *New Masses* doesn't seem concerned even for the children of occupied Russia. It is not just the rich who are indifferent, any more than it is just the left-wingers who believe in human brotherhood. But in God's name, labor leaders, let it not be said that it is just the Herbert Hoovers who are determined to save the lives of the children of our fellow-workers.

JOHN C. CORT.

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# For the Feast of St. Thomas

By RAISSA MARITAIN

PERHAPS we do not know him as well as we should, this great saint whose immense and admirable learning itself seems an obstacle to the love he deserves. In the dazzling light which radiates from his intelligence and his teaching, we have come to forget the breadth of his charity, the gentleness and humility of his saintly spirit.

We have forgotten how gracious sometimes, how great also were the divine favors which continually accompanied his life—there were roses and there were stars along his path—we do not remember the countless miracles that followed his death and made him beloved by all Christian people, he who was as yet known only to the schoolmen.

How well is it known that he prayed without ceasing, that he had the gift of tears, that he preached with a gentleness which moved the hearts of the humble, but also with a severity that made the men of learning, the teachers and students of theology, tremble when he reminded them of their heavy responsibilities toward the souls who expected the truth of them?

He said Mass with so great a love for Jesus that remembering His passion he very often burst into tears and he would weep so long that his fellow-friars had to come and touch him in order to recall him to himself. On a number of occasions he was seen raised above the ground, suspended in the air, when at prayer. Those who were ill were cured by his prayers or when they touched the hem of his cape.

For seven years, from 1245 to 1252, first at Paris and then at Cologne, where he had followed his master, Thomas Aquinas studied under the direction of Albert the Great. Until his meeting with Saint Albert he had lived in Italy. Born in 1225 at Roccasecca near Naples, he belonged to a noble and military family. His father was a great-nephew of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, his mother a Norman.

Offered at the age of five to Saint Benedict, he took his first steps in piety and letters at the Abbey of Monte Cassino. There it was that his mind was awakened and it was there that he asked the old monk in charge of teaching him that question which it was his own vocation to answer later on, with all the force of his genius and his sanctity: "What is God?"

In the Mass of his feast, March 7, the Epistle is taken from the Book of Wisdom, Chapter 7: "I desired understanding and it was given to me; I called upon the Lord and the spirit of wisdom came upon me. . . . For wisdom is an infinite treasure to men and they that use her become the friends of God. . . ."

Learning, intelligence, wisdom are marvelously united in the sanctity of the Angelic Doctor. They give his sanctity its true character. It is possible to say that "his sanctity is that of the intellect." Also it is in the very intellect of Saint Thomas that the miracles of sanctity are accomplished: it is entirely turned toward God; it is completely dedicated to the truth it discovers or which is laid bare before it. It is through his intelligence that the Saint is raised above the earth, it is to his work as a philosopher and theologian that God gave His approbation: *"You have spoken well of me, Thomas . . ."*

The monumental work of Saint Thomas is all to the glory of God and to that of the intelligence, participation of creation in the eternal light. Resplendent, rigorous, written in so short a time—the Saint lived less than fifty years—it caused Pope John XXII, who canonized Thomas Aquinas, to say that "such doctrine could not come into being except miraculously," and Benedict XV to say on June 29, 1921: "The Church has proclaimed that the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas is her very own."

Intelligence enlightened by faith results in theology; seeking the truth by merely natural means, it arrives at philosophy. Theologian that he was above all, it is nevertheless as the guardian of the validity of the intellect and of reason that Saint Thomas appears preeminently to our eyes. And in that he is very dear to the Church, the guardian of revealed truth and of human integrity.

Saint Thomas professes that "our intelligence naturally apprehends being, and that which in itself belongs to being as such; upon this fact is based the perception of first principles." "Philosopher and theologian," writes Jacques Maritain in *The Angelic Doctor,* "Saint Thomas knows nothing but the Truth. . . . He has thrown out his net over the universe, and he carries along all things, which have become life in the mind, toward the beatific vision. This theology of evangelical peace is in the light of faith a vast movement of thought between two intuitions, the intuition of being and the first principles of reason—from which it sets forth, and which is given to it here below—and the intuition of God clearly seen, toward which it moves, and which will be bestowed upon it later."

The metaphysical principles of Saint Thomas are capable of integrating all truth of the philosophical and natural order, as, to some degree and in due proportion, the revealed principles of faith integrate forever all truth of the supernatural order. And in everything which concerns human actions his teaching observes in so saintly a manner all the rights of charity and justice that it might be called a Gospel-like theology; and it is with the greatest difficulty that his best commentators have been able to maintain his doctrine

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in its full force, so great is its purity.

In a world such as ours, where separation and discord are in the ascendant; where every personal experience, instead of uniting with, is opposed to other experiences; where to distinguish between essences and circumstances is to sever with an axe and not to do justice to every being, in its original features, in its peculiarities, in its true existence; where there is no conception of the union of knowledge and faith, nor that of science and wisdom (even an intellectualist such as Husserl, who exalted philosophy as a science, detested wisdom: "It aroused in him," wrote Chestov, "all the indignation of which he was capable"); where mutual collaboration between faculties is not admitted and gives place to artificial dissension—Saint Thomas brings us in his life, his spirit, his doctrine, the example of the most harmonious and efficacious union of the enlightenment of reason, faith and mystical experience. The three wisdoms are in him: that of one of the greatest of human geniuses, that of one of the most humble children of the Church, that of one of the most miraculous saints most mercifully given to humanity to cure us of our ignorance. For this and many other reasons he truly is "The Apostle of Modern Times."

His sanctity has served his doctrine even more than did his immense erudition. Was not one of the most fruitful means of his work, prayer, accompanied by many tears, and the counsel he took from Jesus when he leaned his head against the Tabernacle? "He remained there with many tears and deep sobs and then returned to his cell and continued his writings." Heaven put itself out in order to come to the aid of a philosopher and theologian who was in difficulty. "And by the merit of his prayer," said Brother Reginald, Saint Thomas's faithful companion, "being in a state of uncertainty before praying, he returned instructed." He for whom the image of Christ Crucified, as he said, took the place of all books.

This great friend and disciple of Christ did not lack the joy of being able to praise Him "in hymns and canticles" either. And as long as this world shall endure, it will receive emanations of divine sweetness from the poetry of Saint Thomas in the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, which he composed at the request of Pope Urban IV upon the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi.

For the Angel of the Schools, the Angelic Doctor, is also the Eucharistic Doctor. His devotion toward the Sacraments, which he called the "relics of the Incarnation," reveals the whole faith and sweetness of his soul. In his last words, in his last tears, bursts forth his love for the Holy Eucharist: "I receive You, price of my salvation. I receive You, my life-long Companion on this earth. You for the love of Whom I have studied, watched, labored; You Whom I have preached and taught . . ." He died the morning following that last Communion, the seventh of March, 1274. "He was the flower and glory of the world!" cried Albertus Magnus, his old teacher, when he learned of the death of his marvelous disciple.

# *White Man's New Burden*

## What anthropology indicates as the best colonial policy.

*By* **John J. Honigmann**

A SHORT TIME ago an intelligent young lieutenant, who is studying the techniques of military government for areas occupied by the armed forces, appeared before an audience of anthropologists to speak on the topic of "Anthropology and Military Government." He understood his duties as a military administrator very well, and they were relatively simple. He was to go into an area that had been taken by American forces and attempt to restore orderly government under the conditions of a shattered war-torn country.

Some of the places to which he might be sent, however, were not apt to have known self-government in the past. They might be the mandated islands of Micronesia, for example, which Japan has transformed into virtual colonial possessions. In such primitive areas, presumably, the United States or some other responsible power will have a great deal to say for some years to come; for while not foreshadowing an era of American imperialism, public opinion in the United States is obviously not ready to leave these undeveloped peoples to shift for themselves. Here was the crux of the matter.

Significantly the young lieutenant stated it as a question directed to the assembled anthropologists rather than as a solution in his own mind or in the mind of his instructors in military administration. The question was this: What can anthropology contribute that will be useful to military administrators who are faced with the task of

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keeping native affairs running smoothly in primitive communities?

There was no dearth of suggestions offered to the earnest young lieutenant. There was also no complete agreement between the assembled anthropologists. Once more the same two-fold division of opinion in this matter of post-war planning came forth that had already appeared in other discussions of this topic, notably at the meeting of the American Ethnological Society held in New York City last November. Briefly and inadequately these two points of view might be labeled as the "rapid progressive" and the "moderate preservative."

The representatives of the first group call for the quick realization of our duty toward primitives. They condemn British and Dutch imperialism for having maintained the natives in these powers' colonial possessions either in a state of ignorance, with inadequate educational facilities, or else in a state of pristine innocence, trying to shield them from progressive Western currents, turning whole tribes into picturesque museums. It is perhaps the British who have sinned more with regard to withholding education and its corrolary, self-government, and the Dutch who have bravely sought to preserve the beauties of Indonesian arts and crafts, the integrity of the rituals and religion from contact with industrialism and missionary influence. Both have continued to run their empires at a profit, so from one point of view at least their policies have not been failures. Now the "progressive" branch among colonial administrators and anthropologists want to call a halt to both these tendencies. They are also for calling a halt to all exploitation of backward areas. The West owes a duty to the natives of Africa, Asia and Indonesia and Melanesia. This is no longer the indefinite white man's burden. It is a responsibility we must assume, but one limited in time. The great powers must extend to small peoples all over the world all the benefits of European-American technology and education. These areas must be trained for literacy and self-government. They must become independent economic units capable of producing for the welfare of their people and for the people of the whole world. Implicit, and often stated, in this proposal is the belief that the small native populations would be happy under the blessings of American or European education, democracy, industry and prosperity.

### *"Moderate Preservative"*

The representatives of the second point of view, which we have labeled "moderate preservative," do not contradict these assertions wholesale. Neither do they endorse them fully. The germinal philosophy of "moderate preservation" is the warning that to rush primitive peoples to our own level would be to leave them an inferior copy of ourselves. We could never do the job thoroughly enough. Lying behind our successful technology are decades upon decades during which our methods of child training slowly developed to make possible our dealing with complicated mechanical, political and economic techniques. Methods of child training change painfully slowly. The answer is not to be sentimental about primitive ways of doing things, but to recognize the value of cultures other than our own which shape people who are different from ourselves. This is again kin to the point of view which deplores the aim of one big culture in the United States and sees more value in having many different cultural groups with each making an unique contribution to the others.

Between these two divergent philosophies of colonial administration from which post-war administrators may soon have to borrow their emphasis, there are probably no important irreconcilable elements. Their reconciliation, however, as well as any program for the use of anthropological knowledge in world affairs, is not so much a task for anthropologists as for *people*. It is hardly a scientific question what our attitudes toward primitive peoples are to be, as much as it is a moral question. Knowing what is right to do must come before there is any hope of utilizing the information which anthropology has collected from native communities around the world. Very clearly do these discussions of anthropological contributions to post-war planning point up the helplessness of science without morals or philosophy to guide it toward becoming a potential contributor to human welfare. By itself science seeks truth, facts and predictability. Science is untroubled with questions of the good unless the good be defined as simply the true. But there are questions of value which are immune to scientific analysis, which reside in personal emotional attitudes that may be shared by many people. Scientific truth may help such attitudes develop in people. This is perhaps where anthropology can make its greatest contribution to post-war thinking, although the hour is already very late.

In questions of post-war administration our government will be guided by public opinion. A public whose values have been clarified by some anthropological knowledge will be fitter to perceive the direction in which we must tend if we are not to make inalterable mistakes in our dealings with small societies. It would be presumptuous indeed for one person to outline what public opinion will or must think if this program of education is adopted. But we can say what basic insights the study of anthropology is most likely to create in its students and what the logical developments of such insights would seem to be.

Most simply defined anthropology is the study

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of human culture. Culture is a concept with which anthropologists refer to the integrated patterns of behavior and belief possessed by a social group. Anthropology, like every science, classifies and predicts. Since it is the youngest of the sciences (anthropology is generally said to be a mere hundred years old), its body of data is still relatively skimpy, so that predictability is still more one of the anthropologist's goals rather than one of his realizations. Yet one school of anthropology has been able to advance predictability to a considerable extent.

Functional anthropology teaches that the parts, or institutions, of a culture are interrelated or integrated so that if one is changed the whole culture changes. The meaning of such a dynamic interrelationship of parts and whole is especially clear if it is a vital part that is altered. We may illustrate this by looking back at the history of the American Indian following the period of white contact. The history of governmental policy toward the American Indian and the change in that policy during the past few years may be one of the most precious lessons for American public opinion and the post-war administrator to learn in dealing with other native populations. It is a lesson we have learned through hard experience and one that has been responsible for untold suffering and death for our Indian groups.

In 1869 began the traditional American Indian policy of assimilation. The idea was to educate the Indian, prepare him for citizenship and remove the differences between him and the whites. Certain of these differences could be removed only by intermarriage which would gradually soften the distinctive bodily characteristics of Indian stock. Other, and still important differences, were cultural. The Indian did things differently from the whites; he spoke a different language, he dressed differently, prayed to different gods and thought differently. These cultural differences became the object of the assimilation processes. The Indian's old mobile life of hunting and warfare were altered for a sedentary existence which largely resulted in the Indian doing nothing, since he did not readily take up the agricultural techniques of the dominant culture. The disappearance of hunting animals forcibly brought about a change of diet.

The concomitant of these changes was a period of a highly mounting death rate. Although in time adaptation to the new form of life was achieved on a rather low level in many tribes, thus checking the death rate, the Indian has just barely survived as a distinct culture. In some respects his value as a good human being was also reduced. Whereas in the past religious ceremonies emphasized the character and training of the young and their obedience to the social norms, the disappearance of buffalo and war soon removed the *raison d'être* of these ceremonies. On the other hand the Indian children of necessity lacked faith in the teachers of new religions and new social forms; the learning situation was in many cases not at all successful in preventing a generation from growing to adulthood that lacked any real purpose in living, for whom life held no important goals, and for whom there was considerable conflict and confusion.

Yet the process went on. The Indian's faith in his own culture was undermined, and an attempt was made to sell him on the merits of an alien culture with small effort being made to shape it to the Indian's way of thinking. As one result of this conflict, confusion and longing for past security and stability there sprang up what Linton has called "nativistic movements," such as the Ghost Dance and the Peyote Cult. These are essentially ceremonies in which the Indian sought to connect the past with the present, sought to integrate his dispersed faith, his crumbling institutions, his headstrong sons and daughters around some values he understood and could still teach. In a word the Indian, who had ceased to be a good Indian and never became a good white—quite apart from the fact that American racism quite prevented his white neighbors accepting him as an equal even when occasionally he did make the grade—now sought to redeem himself and his culture.

### *Cultural autonomy*

It was very clear that we realized the error of this pattern of administration when, in 1933, American government turned to a different policy of administration, one that saw the value of nativistic cults which earlier administrators had tried to stamp out. Under John Collier a new faith in the worthwhileness of the cultural autonomy of our primitive groups was born. The present policy of the United States Indian Service is to preserve the Indian as a culture, because in his cultural setting the Indian is also most apt to be a good human being.

The dynamic wholeness of culture and the unique value of cultural differences are two of the most important insights offered by anthropology. From anthropology the lesson comes restated: good human beings are not necessarily white, Aryan or European; good human beings come from well-integrated, living cultures. It is quite true that these cultures do not remain static, but they change from dynamics set up from within, hence which are more capable of solution by the members of the culture themselves. Forced changes are integrated with difficulty if at all. Under the point of a gun forced changes may be accepted, but if they succeed in maintaining their hold on the community, they are commonly forerunners of decline in the vitality of cultural life.

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In Mexico and Guatemala and in many parts of South America there are thousands of Indians who were converted to Christianity during the Spanish occupation. The vast majorities of these groups have preserved their cultural integrity until today. The padres have gone and not been replaced, but Catholic ritual and essentially Catholic dogma still function vigorously in these vital cultures. Occasionally a priest passes through these isolated groups to administer the sacraments or inaugurate one of the more important fiestas. In his absence the laity carry on. The answer to this successful process of culture change is not a simple one. For one thing these areas were too poor to attract the rampant greed of the Spanish Conquistadores. But the assimilation of Catholicism was so painlessly effective because the Church offered the new in terms of the old. Pagan festival times were retained in the Church calendar; pagan gods were reinterpreted. As two medical anthropologists learned among the Navaho, to teach modern medicinal values to the Navaho it is necessary first to learn some principles of Navaho therapy. When we learn Navaho attitudes toward medicine, we can then successfully present our medicine in terms that the Navaho will understand.

Perhaps another significant lesson from Latin American history is the attitude of the Church itself. In terms of Christian teaching all men are equal before God. Christ died for the salvation of all men. Such a religious philosophy is remarkably free of ethnocentrism. It must lead inevitably to respect for other peoples, who stand equal in the sight of God.

Modern administrators and public opinion could learn that lesson. Respect for natives as human beings follows directly on the insights offered by cultural anthropology, which helps us see the connection between good human beings and sound cultural systems. There can be no respect where there are ideas of cultural or social superiority. Such beliefs will defeat us from the start.

Respect means furthermore that we do not have the right to force changes—even "beneficial" changes—upon unwilling native peoples. True, changes may often be advisable and even necessary, as for example in the case of a head-hunting society. Creative solutions to such problems will be the real test of the administrator who is not blind to the integrative functions of even head-hunting in the culture of a people. We ourselves declare our intention to resist lest political change be thrust upon us. Are men less human because their skins are dark or because they lack writing? Behind skin color and culture is the human being. He is however a different human being. His culture is a different culture. Our experience with the Indian suggests we would do well to recognize it as different and keep it so, while denying its members no opportunity to borrow and learn as they see fit.

# *A Close Shave*

## The corpse that isn't a dead one.

***By* Jesse Stuart**

"BERTHA, can't you put more kivers on this bed?" I tried to yell. Bertha didn't answer me; she didn't hear me. I knew that I wasn't dead. When I spoke, my lips didn't move. I couldn't feel the air getting into my lungs but I knew it was there or I wouldn't be alive. I couldn't hear my heart pumping blood but I knew that it was pumping blood into my veins or I wouldn't be alive.

"Dad durn it, Bertha," I yelled again, "can't you put more quilts on this bed? I'm cold under this thin sheet! Do something damned quick! Send these people home!"

Bertha still didn't hear me. She was with Lizzie Gantz, Lucille Abrahams, Fronnie Powderjay, Crissie Tussie and Ola Shelton in a half circle before the fire. When Bertha sobbed, they tried to console her by telling her what a fine man and a good neighbor I'd been all my life. They told her that I was better off than their husbands who sat around the living room table looking at the white two-gallon jug with the long brown neck plugged with a corn-cob stopper. Tom Gantz, Finnis Abrahams, Little Mick Powderjay, Boliver Tussie and Mel Shelton sat around the table talking about me before they started swigging from the jug.

"A man needs a snort to brace him up in a time like this," Boliver said as he uncobbed the jug and hid the long brown neck in his mouth; "Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle." I watched Boliver's adam's apple run up and down his hairy neck like a tree-frog. Finally, Boliver took the jug from his mouth and passed it to Mel Shelton.

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Mel must've been thirsty the way he hit the jug. Mel passed the jug to Mick and he took some swig for a little man. Mick passed the jug to Finnis and Finnis took a light swig and passed it to Tom. After they had swigged from the jug, they got sadder as they talked about me. I was a much better man now than I had ever been. I knew that by the time they had finished the jug, I'd be the best man that ever lived.

"How about a swig, Tom?" I asked, but Tom didn't hear me. I was just dying for a swig from the jug.

My head was upon a pillow; I could look through the door that opened into the front room. I could see the room filled with people. I could see the young people sitting in the back of the room sparking. I could watch 'em making love when they played Post Office. They used my room to get their letters. It was funny to watch 'em hug and kiss. I thought about the years they had ahead of them and the few they had behind them. Life would take a lot of this frolicking outten their bones.

"I can't go on without Cane," Bertha said, sobbing like her heart would break.

"You'll haf to go on without me if you don't fetch me a quilt," I said, but Bertha couldn't hear me.

Fin Powderjay had called Gertie Gantz to the dark corner of my room. I saw him squeeze her tight enough to crack a panel of her ribs. I saw their mouths go together like fighting hound dogs' mouths and they were as slow to pull their mouths apart as fighting hound dogs.

"I don't think I'll want to go on a-living without old Cane fer a neighbor," Boliver said as he finished swigging from the jug. "He was a good man, boys!"

"He was a good man to loan a feller farming tools," Finnis said as he took the jug from Boliver and put it to his lips.

"Old Cane allus kept his double-bitted axes sharp," Mel said.

"He kept his cross-cut saw teeth sharp," Tom said.

"That's why I allus like to borrow tools from Cane," Mick said.

Finnis passed the jug to little Mick Powderjay.

"Let me sip from the jug, Mick," I begged. "Just let me smell the stopper!" But Mick didn't hear me.

I'd drinked with all the boys. It hurt me to see 'em adrinking when all I could do was watch 'em.

When Lettie Hornbuckle called Tim Cluggish to the Post Office, I wanted to laugh. I'd seen a lot o' loving in my young days but when I saw Lettie jump from the dark corner like a striking snake and throw her arms around Tim's neck before he got near her and sock her lips to his lips like a mad hornet, I made up my mind that the young people of today loved a lot faster than the young people of my generation. It was a Post Office all right where plenty of mail was delivered. It took the Post Master a long time to hand out the letters.

"When air ye a-goin to bury Cane, Bertha?" Ola Sexton asked.

"Oh don't ast me, Ola," Bertha said, a-sobbing again.

"At sunrise in th' morning," Boliver Tussie said, wiping tears from his eyes with his big red bandanna.

As I watched the young people getting more letters from the Post Office, I thought about when old Doc Morgan came to my bed, felt my pulse and my ticker and shook his head as he walked away.

"Bertha, I'm sorry," old Doc said soon as he waddled into the front room. "Cane's gone; that mule kick on his head's got 'im."

"But why don't ye do something about it, Doc?" she screamed.

"There's nothin you can do when you hear the dry-rattle in a sixty-year old man's throat," Doc said. "I heerd the dry rattle in Cane's throat yesterday."

Then Doc left the house; Bertha and our seven youngins came into my room. Othie, Pratt, Luster and Dave didn't shed a tear; Gracie didn't either. Martha and Tinnie shed a few tears. They had something on their minds. They started thinking about the money I'd saved, my five hundred acres of land with coal and timber. I knew that hell was a-going to pop. I laid on my bed thinking about my youngins fussing over what I had as Mel Shelton and Mick Powderjay washed me and laid me between the clean sheets for burial. All they had left to do was shave my face, trim my mustache and comb my hair. Mel tried to get Mick to do that but he said he might jiggle the razor and cut my face. They agreed to get Jad Savage to do it. Said Jad was a man with nerves like steel when he was sober.

* * *

All day I laid in bed and heerd the saws a-buzzing down at the barn. I heerd the hatchet-heads a-hitting the spike nails as they spiked on the oak boards. I couldn't see 'em making my coffin; but I could hear 'em.

"It's time we fixed the midnight supper, wimmen," Lucille Abrahams said.

"We're a-getting mighty hungry," Boliver Tussie said.

"We could eat a leetle bite," Tom Gantz said.

But the young people didn't say a thing. They didn't even listen. They were still too busy at the Post Office.

But no one heerd me. I watched the young

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people get parcel post packages from the Post Office while my old friends kept passing the jug and bragging what a good man I was and what a loss that I would be to my community. Said it was a shame that I'd be under the ground and a good farming season a-coming next year—the best we'd had in the past five years. Said all signs pointed to plenty of rain-fall and no drouth.

"But rain or no rain, boys," Boliver Tussie said, "old Cane'll be better off than we air. Old Cane has gone to a better farming land."

"He won't have steep slopes to plow."

"He'll be a-plowing with a golden plow, and a mule that won't fertilize the ground," Finnis Abrahams said as he took a swig from the jug that made my mouth water.

While they argued whether or not a man could own land in the next world, I listened to familiar voices outside my winder. When the wimmen went into the kitchen to get the midnight supper, my youngins had been in there arguing over my money, land, house and farming tools. Now they were a-fussing outside the house near the window.

"B-God ye want everything, Othie," I heerd Pratt say.

"I want this house and Pap's farming tools," Othie said.

"But what will Ma do?" Luster asked. "You know she'll never be able to get along with yer wife."

"The hell she won't," Othie said. "Ye've all married sicha peaceful mates!"

"But what do ye expect us to have?" Dave asked. "You want the house, garden, barn and farming tools and the good truck patches around the house. All that's left is the rocky land."

"But it's kivered with timber," Othie said.

"And it's got coal under it," Gracie said.

"Then why don't ye take it Gracie?" Martha asked.

"That's what I say," Tinnie said.

"If I's alive I'd make a deed tomorrow," I tried to yell. "Not one of you youngins would get a damned thing."

"Howdy, fellars, howdy," Jad Savage yelled as he opened the door, staggered into the living room with a big black handled razor in one hand, and a shaving brush and mug in the other. "Got anything left in that jug?"

"Jist a leetle, Jad," Boliver said. "You've come might nigh too late."

"Need a leetle to brace me up," Jad said as he dropped his mug brush and razor on a chair and lifted the jug to his beardy mouth.

"Don't swig too much o' that," Mick said. "It'll unnerve you and you'll cut Cane when you shave 'im."

"It won't hurt a dead man to cut 'im," Jad said as he gave the jug to Boliver and hurried to the kitchen.

"He's already higher than a Kentucky pine," Tom Gantz said. "I don't think he ought to have had another swig."

"But I ought to have a swig," I said but they didn't hear me.

"It won't hurt 'im to have plenty when he shaves Cane," Finnis said.

Jad hurried from the kitchen, carrying a tea kettle filled with hot water in one hand, in the other he was a-carrying a wash-pan. Boliver got up from his chear and picked up the razor, brush and mug. Tom Gantz got the oil lamp from the dresser. They walked back into my room.

"Get your letters in the other room," Tom told the young folks. "We've got to use this room."

"Ye damned right we have," Jad said. "Do yer kissing in th' other room."

All the young folks skedaddled into the other room while Jad poured hot water from the tea kettle into the wash-pan. Then he dipped his big shaving brush into the hot water and then he put it down in the mug and twisted it round and round. I saw the big gobs of snow-white lather raise up and fall over the rim of the mug.

"I'm a-shaving fer the last time as good a man as ever lived in these parts," Jad said as he smeared hot lather over my cold face with his big brush. "This is something I hate to do but somebody has to do it."

"It's too bad," Boliver said.

"It's damned bad," Tom said.

* * *

Jad whetted his big razor blade on his pant leg before he set its edge upon my face and come down with a long rake. I couldn't stand the looks of Jad's big razor. I wanted to jump from the bed. I wouldn't be able to stand to see him come at me with that razor.

"When will we dress poor old Cane?" Boliver asked.

"Soon as I shave 'im," Jad said.

"Will we coffin him soon as we dress 'im?" Tom asked.

"Guess we'd as well," Boliver said.

"Lay over, Cane, old boy," Jad said as he laid his big hand on my face and jerked my head.

When I looked at Jad standing over me with that big razor, I felt life coming back to me. I tried to yell.

"Did you hear a funny noise, Boliver?" Jad turned to Boliver and asked.

"No I didn't," Boliver whispered, his red beardy lips trembled.

"Is it you or your sperit, Cane?" Bertha asked.

"Fetch my jug from the pantry," I said. "My mouth is a-watering."

While Bertha went atter my jug, I saw the neighbor wimmen that had been telling Bertha how sad it was, running from the kitchen like

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chickens running from a hawk—only they weren't cackling—they were a-screaming.

When Bertha brought my jug, I swigged until my mouth stopped watering.

"Where's the youngins?" I asked soon as I took the jug neck from between my lips.

"They sailed away like wild birds," she said.

"I hope they never stop sailing," I said, "I'll never will one a penny now."

I swigged from my jug a leetle at the time. Before daylight, I was a-sitting before the fire a-smoking my pipe. Before sunrise, I had chopped up my coffin, fed my cattle and made my will.

## Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WITH some shrinking, yet after all with my accustomed eagerness to scan the news of the day, I tackled the huge mass of Sunday newspapers today (February 28) so that I might, if possible (!), catch up with the latest developments of the tremendous drama of our times. First of all, I ran through the main pages of the three great metropolitan New York dailies which best uphold the sound traditions of American daily journalism—the *Times,* the *Herald Tribune,* and the *Brooklyn Eagle.* The two first named papers excel all others, it seems to me, in their thorough coverage of important news, international and national; and both are distinguished for their editorial pages. The *Brooklyn Eagle* has behind it more than a century of experience and continuous devotion to faithful reporting, and the maintainence of editorial commentaries intended for thoughtful citizens and not for the masses of head-line readers and comic-strip devotees, and has taken the lead, in the country as well as in our greatest city, in recognizing that religious factors in the world crisis are not only news-worthy when massacres and persecutions are reported, but also when their manfestations are more remote from, yet still powerfully connected with, sensational events. Thus, all three of these papers must come first in the attention of the conductor of this column, for whom religion—the force fundamentally binding Man to God, or to the Devil—is foremost among all the multitudinous subjects anybody may read or write about.

It was a picture, however, and not the words going with the picture, that chiefly held my attention today, and brought my further reading to a long pause, as a minor result of which meditative interval, this week's column for THE COMMONWEAL is timidly offered to its readers. Timidly, for I know how inadequate it is; and would be, even were I a far better writer than in reality I am. Timidly, yet with a real sense that it may be accepted as at least an indication of what it ought to be. The picture was a portrait of Mother Margaret Bolton, "a leader in the field of Christian Doctrine teaching, and director of methods in teaching religion in the American Province of the Cenacle since 1913," as the *Herald Tribune* obituary accompanying the rarely beautiful portrait says. She "died yesterday, February 27."

It was the Feast of Saint Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows: and one turns to the Missal, and re-reads with quickened appreciation such words as these, from the Gradual: "How great is the multitude of Thy sweetnesses, O Lord, which Thou has hidden for them that fear Thee"; and its response, rising out of wholesome and loving Fear of the Lord: "Which Thou hast wrought for them that hope in Thee, in the sight of the sons of men;" and from the Tract: "He will not deprive of good things them that walk in innocence." But above all, in thinking about Mother Margaret Bolton, consider the Gospel of the day, the great passage from St. Mark (10, 13-21), containing such lights of the Cenacle as, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," and (O awful yet marvelously inviting words!): "Amen, I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter into it."

It was in the St. Regis Cenacle, 140th St. and Riverside Drive, the newspaper report goes on to tell, that Mother Margaret Bolton died, "after a short illness. Her age was 70."

Of the remaining facts of the obituary, among them Mother Margaret Bolton's thorough education for her life-work as a teacher, and a writer about teaching, in especial the teaching of religious doctrine to children, it is not for me to comment. One who left school as a child, for the hit-or-miss school of hard work in the odd-job department of the world's business, can only gape, respectfully, of course, in the presence of the experts, and turn to other subjects. On the old COMMONWEAL staff, with which group Mother Margaret Bolton kept closely in touch, and which respected her and her work so highly, it was John McCormick, armed with his Macmillan Company knowledge of text book affairs and Catholic educational movements, who was Mother Margaret Bolton's COMMONWEAL comrade and champion. John should write about that, some day, and about other great matters with which he is so intimately connected, in the contemporary educational interests of Mother Church in America.

However, I did know Mother Margaret Bolton, and the Cenacle, in Chicago and Rome as well as in New York. Only the other day I received a letter from the Lake Ronkonkoma Cenacle, reviving many memories, vibrating now with greater vividness as the portrait of Mother Margaret Bolton smiles at me—as she smiles, I am sure, upon all the others still dwelling in exile in this valley of tears—from the newspaper clipping on my typewriter desk.

"Greetings over the years," the letter begins—somehow it seems to explain Mother Bolton's smile as meaning: "greetings from beyond the years, and centuries, and all the ways of Time!"—and goes on to say that a book had been sent to me, "In the Shadow of Our Lady of the Cenacle," with the suggestion that since I knew the Cenacle, I might wish to review the book. Perhaps, the letter

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said, it might be considered that "the book was too special for the pages of THE COMMONWEAL," but the writer of the letter felt she could not agree with that opinion, if it really was entertained by me; but that, anyhow, "an opportunity may come 'adown the days' to reverse that opinion."

Well, the book in question never reached me. Whatever it contained, however expressed, certainly I am sure that its theme—the influence of Our Lady, radiating from the Cenacle—as from so many other points or gate-ways for Our Lady's personal power to obtain and distribute the Grace of God among His children on earth—is not, and never can be "too special" a subject for THE COMMONWEAL. Or for the *War Cry;* or the daily newspapers. All depends, for the effective treatment of any such theme, on the way it is done—there is one way for this paper; another way, for that. But Lady Mary will not be denied any path to the hearts of her children, even the somewhat dusty or grimy or even slimy paths that may be found among the many pathways of our press, whether religious or secular. And it is hard to know how to trace, realistically, the distinction between religious and secular, in the press, as in other of the affairs of human life. For example, I bought a *War Cry* last night, in a crowded and noisy bar-restaurant in the midst of Broadway's Tenderloin, from an ancient Salvation Army lassie whose face now comes to memory as being akin in its inner light to that of Mother Margaret Bolton. Its cover reproduces a good print of Holman Hunt's famous painting of the thorn-crowned Christ, the Lantern of the Light of the World in one hand, knocking at a door against which bloom what may be meant for those "roses of the raptures of vice," of which Hunt's contemporary, the poet Swinburne, sang in the hectic days when this writer was young and thrilled to Swinburne's lyrics more than he did to the deeper music of, let us say, the poetry of the Liturgy. And in a "box" near the picture are some verses from Oscar Wilde. Worth while quoting, I think:—

"And every human heart that breaks,
In prison cell or yard,
Is as that broken box that gave
Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
With the scent of costliest nard.

"Ah! happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from sin?
How else, but through a broken heart,
May Jesus enter in?"

Oscar Wilde, pagan philosopher and epicurean poet, a pervert in sex morals, was broken, as a convict, in Reading Goal, and here is speaking from beyond the grave in Montmartre cemetery in which, as a converted sinner, Mother Church blessed his shattered body, as Her sacraments blessed his soul before it left that body. Now his verse is serving the journalism of the Salvation Army. Truly, not only this odd incident, but a great multitude of others, prove the truth of the popular Portuguese proverb quoted by Paul Claudel as the key to his enigmatic and enchanting dramatic poem "The Satin Slipper"—written in celebration of Our Lady's whimsical and so-feminine will to help poor sinners—"God writes straight with crooked lines." Never more strikingly, perhaps, than when He or His Mother employs the crooked pathways of our press. But in the Cenacle, as it may be thought, from afar at least, hearts do not break from such suffering or from sins such as Wilde shared or observed in Reading Gaol, or in the pagan world that cast him out when he offended against the one unforgiveable thing in that topsy-turvy world—namely, being publicly a scandal. But in the Cenacle women break alabaster boxes of innocence in their hearts, just the same; and know other, and possibly not only subtler but stronger, temptations to pride, or to rebellion, than do us worldlings. However, all that, as well as the expertise of formal education, are regions of knowledge remote from this hurried scribbler of the press. He must pass on to one thing he does know about the Cenacle, and Mother Margaret Bolton's work in it. It is a thing common to our religious communities for women in America—and let Our Lady, not only of the Cenacle, but of all her other innumerable titles to our gratitude, praise God as no one else may do so well, that it is so! It is the great fact that in our Sisterhoods not only our devotional and educational work as Catholics, in the United States, but our cultural, artistic, and mystical quests as well, are today gloriously if silently successful, far from the glare of publicity's spotlights and loud-speakers, but fully revealed in the inner light of Mother Church.

Their success in work and prayer and self-sacrifice streams from out their power-houses of spiritual forces. These royally regimented companies and brigades and armies of servants and ambassadors of their King; these bureaucrats of the social services of God's mercy, and of his one true government on earth, His Church, deeply and strongly affect the life and culture of our country. From cloisters, and hospitals, and asylums, and schools, and universities, and novitiates, and chapels and churches and cathedrals—these valient women fare forth, proceed prosperously, and reign. They reign in all Catholic hearts. And all human hearts are Catholic when they really know our American nuns. Ask the soldiers on Bataan. Ask the lepers in the Isles of Stricken Souls. Ask the prostitutes in the Houses of the Good Shepherd, some of whom are as Magdalen was after she broke the box of nard, and after she met her Lord on Easter Day in the garden of the Empty Tomb. Other may still be drabs; but still they are women, loving those who love them; as the nuns love them; and not because the nuns have bought their love. Ask—Oh, ask in all the highways and byways of American life—of human life everywhere; and from all save a few still blind to the light of life, or still deaf or indifferent to the word of life, there is only one reply: "We know the nuns. Whatever else may be said against the Catholic Church, its Popes or prelates, or its priests, whether truly or falsely, nothing can be said against her nuns, and"—let this writer finish the reply, for them, but certainly for himself—"nothing can be said for them, honoring them and praising them, as they deserve—except, it may be, by

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a poet, but only a poet whose genius has been transfigured in Grace. But as Francis Thompson wrote, lovers of poetry, "having learned by melancholy experience how little religious verse is anything more than verse, are repelled rather than attracted by professedly religious poetry." And there is the testimony of John Milton: "And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem." Such poets are rare? But are there any such?

Now, among our American nuns, beyond doubt or peradventure of a doubt, there are many souls integrated in God's Will, through Mary's dispensation of Grace; they are themselves real poems; in them are the living proofs of the efficacy of the prayer of all prayers in the Mass that most clearly hints at the secret of our religion: "O God Who in a wonderful manner didst create and ennoble human nature, and still more wonderfully hast renewed it: grant that by the mystery of this mingling of water and wine we may be made partakers of His divinity Who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity"—and who may write about them, saving in loving gratitude; asking their prayers for the writer, as he ventures himself to murmur, hoping to be heard, as he thinks of Mother Margaret Bolton of the Cenacle, *"Requiescat in pace."*

# Communications

## FRENCH CANADA

Middletown, Conn.

TO the Editors: Some of your readers may possibly be interested in the following extracts from a speech made by Major the Rev. J. Armand Sabourin, at a dinner at Montreal on October 25th last given in honour of the officers and men of Les Fusiliers Mont Royal for the part played by them in the Dieppe raid.

> You may wonder about our thoughts as we were crossing the Channel. We were thinking of you, my dear fellow Canadians . . . we wanted to prevent Hitler from reaching *our shores tomorrow* to destroy our faith, our tongue and our institutions. We did not cross the Channel to fight for England, but . . . we fight *with* England, our ally. Now, why should I like England? Because each morning I can say Mass in my church. Because in our schools catechism can be taught. Because each year I can carry the Holy Host in the Corpus Christi procession in any street, any city, any province of Canada. Because I am free to speak my tongue, to have my schools, to follow my traditions.
>
> I shall make a still greater profession of faith. At this moment I much prefer to be a loyal subject of England—I much prefer to see England watch over my liberties, than to be under the wing of any country in the world, including, alas, France! . . . I do not want to forget that if I am a free man today in my country, I owe it to England. . . . That is why we went to Dieppe! . . .
>
> I am the happiest man in the world that Canadians, English and French, were the first chosen for the Dieppe show . . . those who went to fight for you at Dieppe were not from English Canada or French Canada. They were from Canada as a whole. And we went off as good Canadians. . . .

H. C. F. BELL.


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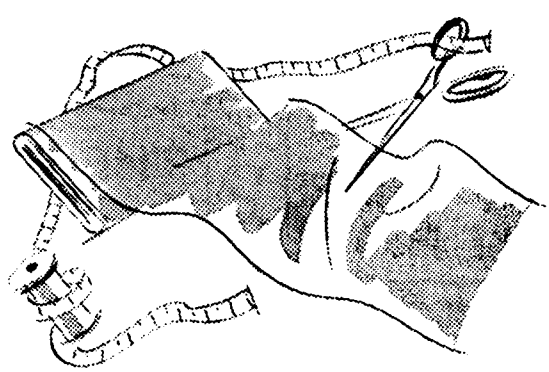

individually fitted, correctly styled—made to your measurements in our own work rooms by master shirtmakers and supervised by an expert pattern maker. Come in and make your selections from our choice collection of better imported English and Scotch shirtings.

Altman men's furnishings, main floor


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# The Screen

*Movies from Two Plays and a Novel*

"THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD" really belies its name. It provides a pleasant hour's fun; and while it is designed especially for Jack Benny-Rochester fans, it will also amuse anyone who likes snappy gags and a running pattern of light quips. Based on a stage play that George M. Cohan produced years ago, its slight story tells about a kindly but unsuccessful small-town lawyer who believes that one should temper justice with mercy and that *noblesse oblige* means that it is never dumb to do the right thing. Jack Benny plays the lawyer with a gleam in one eye and a tear in the other. His future father-in-law advises him to go to New York to make his fortune. Rochester, as his valet, is delighted to go along because he knows that New York is right outside of Harlem. Ambulance chasing doesn't pay the rent for Jack's Radio City office, so Rochester, who is much wiser than he acts, informs him that one can't be soft-hearted and be a lawyer. The colored valet even gives his boss instructions in how to be mean. Jack takes his lessons seriously, stops feeding the pigeons and starts taking candy from children. Lo and behold, Jack gets a client who's looking for just such a meanie. The next thing you know Jack puts a sweet old lady out of her home. And he becomes famous! One thing leads to another. Jack's fiancée (Priscilla Lane) arrives and isn't so sure she loves a man whose fame is based on his reputation as the meanest man in the world. Of course, everything works out.

Whenever the plot stretches too thin, it is enlivened by some bright lines that Benny and Rochester toss about in well-timed delivery. William Perlberg produced and Sidney Lanfield directed; both showed good showmanship in not trying to build this unpretentious nonsense up into an overlong feature. Before you have a chance to get fed up, the fun is over and you've had some good chuckles.

Since I reviewed *"Journey Into Fear"* last fall, the film was recalled and re-edited by Orson Welles. Most of what I said about the original (COMMONWEAL, October 30, 1942) still holds with the newly cut version. However, the whole movie appears now as a letter which the American hero is writing to his wife. We frequently hear the voice of Joseph Cotten as he explain the action to us and tries to make clear to his wife that he was not in love with Josette, the dancer who figures in his harrowing experiences. Through this letter device the events and persons involved are clarified somewhat. Although Director Norman Foster has handled well the individual scenes in which suspense and violence keep you on the edge of your chair, the whole does not add up to much. The characters are not carefully delineated. Actors and Scriptwriters Cotten and Welles wrote the screenplay from Eric Ambler's tense psychological thriller. The anemic, naïve American still wanders in a dazed fashion through the maze of this journey into fear created by a confusion of Turkish secret police and German agents. Welles has eliminated the former silly finale in which the wife calmly tells her husband to come in out of the rain (after he's just had a terrifying battle on a window ledge). In the present ending, the American finishes his letter, then tears it up when he learns that his forgiving wife is waiting.

Perhaps if the film's makers had decided whether they were making a straight chase thriller or a satire on spy melodramas, "Journey into Fear" would have been better than just an "above average" movie.

I didn't see the stage play, "Out of the Frying Pan," but now having seen the movie made from it, I find it difficult to figure out the play's popularity. The film, called *"Young and Willing,"* is a long drawn-out, sexy farce about youngsters who come to New York to make their way in the theater. It strives very hard to be another "Sister Eileen" but lacks Ruth McKinney's sense of humor; and it plods along showing us three boys and three girls who live together in one crowded apartment, rehearse rôles at all times, compare notes on their failures to land jobs, get into a series of situations that are not funny, real or interesting. None of the youngsters succeeds in being more than a caricature. Not even William Holden, Susan Hayward or Eddie Bracken come through very well. Robert Benchley is amusing as the producer-playwright who lives downstairs and Mabel Paige manages to get some laughs as the forgetful landlady. Edward H. Griffith produced and directed this film without using any cinematic imagination.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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# Editors' Choice

MEMOIRS OF MY PEOPLE. *Leo W. Schwarz. Farrar.* $3.75.

I SAW TWO ENGLANDS. *H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead.* $3.00.

CAPTAIN OF THE ANDES. *Margaret H. Harrison. Smith.* $3.00.
CHILE. *Erna Fergusson. Knopf.* $3.50.

## Anthology of Autobiography

MR. SCHWARZ is an indefatigable student and collector of Jewish literature who evidently has fine taste and a real flair for digging up things which will interest not only members of his people but anyone for whom the extraordinary history and saga of that people have meaning. The present volume is particularly good. In it are gathered together a wealth of autobiographical writings, most of them short, although a few are excerpted from full length books. It is hard to tell which are the more attractive, those composed when the Jews kept very much to themselves (up to the turn of the nineteenth century), or those which relate to the far more assimilated Jewish life of the last hundred and thirty years. Both are intensely human and moving. Of course, the earlier writings make constant reference to Jewish lore, and these references are somewhat puzzling to the non-Jew. It is too bad Mr. Schwarz did not include a brief essay on the structure and organization of the Torah, Talmud and Commentaries. But perhaps such a subject simply could not be treated briefly, and the criticism is minor indeed.

What emerges from this volume is a composite picture of a highly differentiated group which nevertheless has indefinable characteristics in common. You can amuse yourself trying to lay your finger on those characteristics, and the chances are you will get nowhere. It is more a sort of aura or atmosphere or ambience—call it what you will—with which you must finally rest content. Yet the thing is there, and by and large it is winning. Perhaps the most constant aspect of Jewry to emerge from these confessional pages is its poverty. Of course there are rich Jews constantly cropping up, but they lose their money with amazing ease, and a difference in economic level seems remarkably unrelated to cultivation or the intensity of intellectual life. Perhaps that is one of the most characteristic things about the Jewish race. It seems to be uniformly true among these children of Israel that there is no even accidental connection between economic status and learning.

It would almost be invidious to single out any one specimen from this volume for special comment. Each has its savor and its merit. One can hope that the book will be read even more widely by Christians than by Jews. Those who do, will spend many a pleasant as well as instructive hour.

## The English Scene

ANYONE who has ever seen the English countryside is glad to be reminded of it. The English countryside is in all great English writing: it informs all great English poetry. And this is true not simply because the English have always had a great love for nature, it is also because nature in England for centuries has been so closely knit to the lives of the English people. The English cleared the forests, surveyed and partitioned the fields, made the parks and the lawns, built the village houses, the houses of the great, the castles, the cathedrals, and so nature, and all that the English have done to nature, illustrates the lives and the history of the English people. The long history of England chapter by chapter is marked in all that the English have built. And it is not just houses that they have built: patiently they have given order and form to all that meets the eye.

When Mr. Morton, an experienced and able writer of travel books, went for a last and amiable trip through the English countryside—mainly in Kent, Sussex and Surrey—just before the war, it was almost a certainty that he would produce a pleasant book in which there would be charming descriptions of charming and interesting places. And now that his book has been published at a time when some of these charming and interesting places have been bombed and shattered there is an added dramatic irony in his story. It is therefore a pity that he did not leave us to appreciate for ourselves unassisted the nostalgia of England's peaceful countryside—since we are quite aware what broke that peace—and that he felt it necessary to add a section dealing with the immense effort England made to prepare and produce and train after war was declared. The first of the "Two Englands," that extraordinary mixture of tragedy and quiet, that amazing procession of violence, crime and heroism which has been enacted through the centuries in the peaceful English scene, Mr. Morton places before us as he looks at the vil-

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lages and the castles and remembers the people who lived in them, the history they illustrate. There are lovely photographs. The second England, aircraft factories, training centers, shipping control, is just good reporting.

It is amusing to see that even so graceful a writer as Mr. Morton has his troubles when talking with village characters who use the local speech. No matter how wise may be the words they speak, no matter how sincerely Mr. Morton may admire and be moved by what they say, the transcribed dialect reminds one of Professor Higgins making his notes in Covent Garden in the opening scene of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Inevitably they recall Shaw's remark that an Englishman cannot say anything without being despised by some other Englishman.

## A and C

NOTHING so brings home the appalling ignorance here in the United States of the lands, history and peoples of the other Americas than the perusal of any serious book on any part thereof. We are gradually picking up odd bits of information from the various survey books and studies of specific countries that have been so plentiful in the past two or three years. But the gulf to fill is vast.

Many North Americans know, for instance, that San Martín and Bolívar were the two great liberators. And there is a certain vague legend about San Martín's noble disinterestedness in contrast with Bolívar's flair for the dramatic. But how widely is it known that European-type Masonic Lodges were the headquarters for the various plottings that flowered into continent-wide revolution? Miss Harrison's highly interpretive book heightens the legend of the Argentinian's noble stoicism and paints a very appealing picture of the great general in his prolonged old age. Two of the chief ingredients of the revolution, it seems, were Grand Orient Masonry and the assistance and blessing of a brave Franciscan. It was not so much a native revolt as the uprising of the Creoles, or South Americans of pure Spanish blood.

Erna Fergusson is a practiced hand at writing up a country; also the majority of her volumes have dealt with Latin America. Her manner is decidedly informal and her facts and descriptions are heavily embroidered with day by day accounts of her experiences on the road (mostly enjoyable). She has a real friendliness toward the Catholicism of her hosts. Her only real error in understanding—and it is a serious one—occurs in a chapter devoted to Gabriela Mistral. "Gabriela is a mystical Catholic. That is, she is a mystic by nature, and her early training has brought her surely back, after twenty years of a Christianized Buddhism, to the Catholic Church. That does not mean that she needs its outer forms; she seldom, I believe, goes to Mass." Yet despite this misapprehension Miss Fergusson can go so far as to deplore strongly the proselytizing activities of Protestants from North America among so many Chilean Catholics.

Her picture of Chile is not a particularly glowing one. Poverty is too widespread, and laziness and the release that liquor brings. Vast stretches of the 2,600 mile mainland are bare of stalk, flower or tree, and yet they are the scenes of the country's most important extractive industries. Operated by North American capital it is the custom to pay Chileans much lower salaries than the men from here, holding positions of exactly the same rank. There aren't too many Chilenos who seem eager to bring about better conditions all around.

But the book does have its hopeful notes too—the progress in public health, housing, education that here and there attain remarkable proportions. Chilean women are taking the lead in the national rehabilitation. Miss Fergusson wonders with the late Archbishop Subercaseaux "why Catholics in the United States have not sent help in education and in the social services."

# More Books of the Week

*The Maritain Volume of the Thomist. Sheed and Ward.* $3.50.

THE EDITORS of *The Thomist* present here a *Festschrift* to Jacques Maritain on his sixtieth birthday. Under a Special Committee composed of Mortimer Adler, Yves Simon and William O'Meara, with the last named as director, a volume has been compiled of some nineteen articles which through the diversity of their interest pay tribute to the many-sided activity of Maritain. They range from the exposé of Burke's failure as a political philosopher by Robert M. Hutchins, an analysis of Maritain's contribution to the philosopher of the scenes by Yves Simon, "The Rôle of Dogma in Judaism" by Louis Finkelstein to the Christian transformation of the virtues of justice and friendship by Gerald B. Phelan and the relation between painting and industrial progress in France and England between 1540-1640 by John U. Nef. In addition there is "A Biographical Impression" by H. L. Binsse, drawings of Maritain by Maud Hutchins and M. A. Couturier, the score of a motet by Arthur Lourié and a bibliography of Maritain's writings by Ruth Byrns. All in all a handsome and impressive tribute.

It is obviously impossible to do more here than to glance at a couple of the many interesting articles. Mortimer Adler, "gadfly" of the Thomists, is certain to provoke great discussion with his article on the difficulties in the traditional demonstrations for the existence of God. For he denies that the Five Ways as they are formulated, and as he understands them, are demonstrative. Adler would distinguish the being from the change in things and then show that the "demonstrations" fail to prove that God is the cause of either. But it seems doubtful, to say the least, that the change in existing things can be peeled away and leave a nucleus of being remaining that is separate from change. In fact, Saint Thomas says in the *De aeternitate mundi* that if you take change away from creatures you have nothing left. Adler seems to find something left, and that is what he is trying to find the cause for. But that is either nothing or God, neither of which has or needs a cause. Yet, though Adler has obviously run into some difficulties, there is no denying he has brought acute attention to the needs for clarifying the articulations in the Thomistic proofs.

Anton C. Pegis has a highly significant article on what he calls the "dilemma of composite substances" as exemplified in the problem of the destiny of man. He shows how the Greeks were unable to recognize the full liberty and dignity of man because of their view that matter is extraneous and opposed to the intelligible ordering of the world. For man as a material individual is then in conflict with his intellectual nature, as what is temporal and transient is with the eternal and immutable. Aristotle's *Ethics* is the most strenuous effort to resolve that difficulty, and in his analysis of that "solution," Pegis makes an interpretation of man's end which is of importance not

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only for the understanding of Aristotle but for the whole ethical problem of man. For he sees Aristotle as trying to determine not merely a "temporal and normative end" by which the hierarchy of goods befitting man's nature can be established, nor a "further supernatural end," for Aristotle neither know nor could he admit the existence of such for man as an individual (since as such he is subject to death and only in the species does he participate in eternity). But Aristotle is endeavoring to lay down the conditions for the "natural terminal end of man," which is the only happiness man can know as an individual. That is why he says the best happiness—that of contemplation—is "more than human."

In closing on this question of ends and contemplation, it is to be regretted that among all the various aspects of Maritain's work paid tribute to in this volume, his interest in mystical contemplation should have been neglected. It is indeed a sad commentary on America if this interest finds no response here. But perhaps all the others—philosophy, science, politics, poetry, art, so well represented here—had to come first. And besides we now have Maritain with us.

OTTO BIRD.

*The Magical Realm. Kathleen Coyle. Dutton. $3.00.*

IT was Miss Coyle's good fortune to step from one "magical realm"—that of childhood—into another, that of literature, but in this book it is the first only with which she is concerned. Her true initiation into the second, disregarding a story she wrote when she was 9 years old, occurred at the age of 12, when "Wuthering Heights" and Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat" fell into her hands, opening her eyes to the existence of a world beyond all she had known or dreamed of before. Only two or three more years were to elapse before she stood upon the threshold of that world, the event that brought her there having been a final removal from the home of her childhood—"the emergence," she calls it, "from a state of dream into reality." And, having told us so much, Miss Coyle, oddly—and a little unkindly—proceeds to hand us an abbreviated history of the town of Derry with which for many centuries her kinsmen, the Kinel-Owens, have been associated, as if in that we could find compensation for her silence!

But if she has thus halted—momentarily, we must hope—upon the very brink of this brave new world of literature, it is not before she has baptized us in the spirit of her other realm. Miss Coyle's childhood, of which this book is the record, was an Irish one, and this explains much. It was, besides, what she herself calls "a Brontë sort of childhood," illustrative of that darker mystic strain that is so often the surprising complement of the Irish light-heartedness. In her family there was little enough of the latter—only the wild laughter of her eccentric father, stemming not at all from lightness of heart, as his sad end was to show. Marvelously poignant in her account of the child's relations with him—a new kind of "Life with Father," with all the overtones tragic instead of comic; bitterest of all the realization—too late, of course—of what she might have been to him had she only come to her new-found understanding a little earlier.

More potent, however, upon her destiny than his stormy bursts of affection, was the influence of her mother, grandmother and aunts, who sat round her like the Parcae weaving heavy teguments of fate. A wonderful group of family portraits, the elder members of this clan, not easily identifiable apart from the racial setting in which they had

"An enthralling narrative

**full of wit and human interest; the epic of an heroic soul who made of every human being a stepping stone to the throne of God."**

*So the CATHOLIC WORLD in reviewing SECOND SOWING. We quote further:*

"In SECOND SOWING, Mother Margaret Williams, who is the daughter of Michael Williams, has given us a very complete picture of a great American woman, who entered the Society of the Sacred Heart in Louisiana at the age of fifteen, became Mother Superior at twenty-six, founded twenty convents of her Order in North America, and after countless trips across the Atlantic and thousands of miles of travel throughout the United States in connection with her foundations, finally became Assistant General for America in the Mother House in Paris, where she died in 1886.

"Her most important single achievement was Manhattanville, in New York City, which exists today, a magnificent development of the seed planted by her vision and fostered by the twenty-five years of her personal supervision. In the light of Mother Hardey's career, with her distinguished services to the cause of American education, her generous contributions to the Catholic life of the country, her extraordinary influence on persons of all conditions and all faiths, how stunted seem the lives of many of our much vaunted American women celebrities.

"The book is admirably co-ordinated. Mother Hardey's life is the brilliant central thread, and alongside it and through it in just proportion are woven events in the history of the Church on which Aloysia Hardey's activity depended, phases of American life and manners with which she coped so competently, charming and valuable excursions into the past life of the historic spots on which the convents were founded, the course of American letters and education with which the foundress of schools kept pace, and notably the progress of the Society of the Sacred Heart in America.

"But the book excells even more in the delineation of character. The nuns who labored with Mother Hardey are drawn in the round in a masterly way. A particularly moving and novel picture is given of Mother Duchesne, who introduced the Sacred Heart Order to America, who was one of the great inspirations of Mother Hardey's life, and whose prayers fertilized the abundant harvest of Mother Hardey's second sowing.

"The portrait of Mother Hardey herself is a fine piece of characterization. Her striking personality, enriched by Southern culture, old-world training and experience in Northern methods of efficiency, is well drawn. In some of the descriptive epigrams, she is shown as 'that rare person; an unexcitable progressive,' as 'going with the current, yet making it take her where she willed,' as being successful 'not only because of her gifts, but especially for the *harmony* among her gifts.'

"But the crowning beauty of her character, unsuspected perhaps by many of those who knew of her public achievements and loved her for her charm and her kindness, was the strong spirituality of her inner life. One is deeply impressed by her profound humility and her entire submission to her superiors, by her complete detachment from the works she had built up and from the religious whom she had formed and with whom she had labored. Here indeed we find sanctity of a high order."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

SECOND SOWING, by Mother Margaret Williams, Illustrated by Ann Pracny. $3.50

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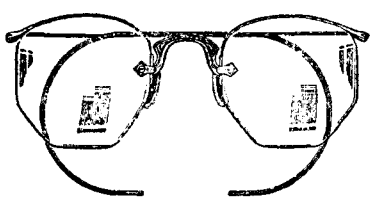

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their being. Religion played its part, of course, in this upbringing, but had not, as it seemed, the preponderating rôle. What preserved her from their influence—as well as from anything untoward she might have found in the well-stocked library to which she had unlimited access—was her ignorance. Her comment on this is worthy of quotation:

"And, like all who are innocent," she writes, "I was something of an idiot. When I look back to myself I realize that the young can be given anything, shown anything, exposed to anything. The one exception is pain. I would preserve them from pain. In all the rest they preserve themselves. They have the blindness of youth. They are immune as love is immune, their sight controlled by their own integrity."

And in the end it was her mother who broke the spell by deciding the removal to which reference has been made above. She did it for the sake of her son, who was not at the time exposed to the family influence and would in all probability not have been injured by it had he been so exposed. That was the Irish in her.

To do justice to such a book in the few lines allotted a reviewer is difficult. For instance, there is "Major," a Newfoundland, surely not the least realized among the *dramatis personae* of her childhood story. There is the record of her childish reflexes and reactions in the face of the solitude confronting her—a solitude imposed, from the human angle, by the proud separateness, not the unkindness, of the beings about her, and from the physical by the black loneliness of the landscape. For the feeling aroused in her by this she invented the definition "the desolation of the unfound" and quotes Saint Thomas Aquinas as having felt it. One does not escape from such a childhood without profound spiritual impressions which have borne their just fruit in more than one of her novels.

J. K. PAULDING.

*Beneath Another Sun. Ernst Lothar. Doubleday.* $2.75. *Hostages. Stephan Heym. Putnam.* $2.50.

IT IS an uneasy task to review books of this kind. How to value them depends on whether you look at these stories as works of epic poetry, as reports of the European situation under the "New Order" or just as pieces of Anti-Hitler propaganda. Both authors, in spite of their eagerness to impress the reader with their own deep hate of Hitler and his political methods, have the ambition to write novels of literary merit. So to me the most interesting aspect is: did they succeed? And if not, why?

"Beneath Another Sun" is the richer of the two, both in quantity of words and in fullness of life. Its author, Ernst Lothar, is a well-known Austrian journalist and writer of many volumes: novels, short stories, travel books and literary essays. They all are the works of a cultured, intelligent and versatile man; none has a touch of genius.

In his new book, Ernst Lothar, now 53 years of age and a refugee to this country, undertakes the most ambitious job of his literary career: he emphasizes the European tragedy of the past decade by telling the story of a family of "Aryan" Germans, South Tyrolians, whose country, though thoroughly German in character, was turned over to the Italians after the first World War. During nearly two decades Mussolini had tried in vain to "Italianize" these upright and stubborn men, sticking to their mother tongue and their old local customs. So he made an agreement with Hitler to send the most anti-Italian families into Greater Germany, where the nazis were only too

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glad to exploit these ardent defenders of their German traditions for the Germanization of Slav countries.

In presenting a German family which is mistreated by the nazis, the author makes it perfectly clear to the reader that ours is not the problem of good and bad nations but of national self-government and gangster rule.

The atmosphere of South Tyrol is given with great effectiveness; characters like old Mumelter, the 90-year-old family patriarch, or Vroni, the old family servant, are as perfectly represented as is the snug life in the cozy little Alpine town of Bozen. The forced migration in a sealed train to Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, is also described in a very impressive way. But then the author overloads his story. He mixes the Czech problem and the Jewish question into the story, tells us of a lot of intrigues about an alleged ritual murder and divides the reader's interest. The story gets too involved and the reader tires. A more concentrated story, told with less flourishes, would be clearer and more impressive. I doubt whether Lothar's novel will outlast the interest in the actuality of its problems. His complicated story is told monotonously and without the slightest sense of humour. Most new characters in the second part of the book remain sketchy. Lothar had the material for a great and symbolic family story, his endurance and talents were not sufficient to develop it into a lasting work of strong tension, power and poetic beauty—the only kind of fiction which outlasts the changing times.

Stefan Heym, a man in his thirties, was the editor of a little Leftist German-language weekly, which died after a short existence. The story of this book is simple and exemplary enough: some innocent hostages are shot in Prague by Gestapo. The nazis are all villains; their victims, except one "traitor," are good fellows. In spite of this black-and-white characterization, which may be all right for propaganda purposes but is bad for poetic composition, Heym makes serious efforts to convey the psychology of hostages and their approach to death. Heym's exciting book may impress many readers by a certain detective story tension, but presents political problems in a much less sufficient and complete way than does Lothar. It is without poetry, but interesting as a psychological character-study.

MAX FISCHER.

*Return Journey. Beatrice Kean Seymour. Macmillan.* $2.70.

AFTER her life had been wrecked by a sense of complicity in her husband's life and death, Claudia was unwilling to accept a second springtime until, through hard generous toil in the English countryside and during the blitz of London, her sympathies broaden, her heart beats warmer. Out of this grows a tender story, psychologically sound, excellently invented, admirably written.

No brief review can do justice to the strength and gallant growth that live throughout this book.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

## CONTRIBUTORS

*Raïssa MARITAIN*, author of "We have Been Friends Together," is now working on a sequel to that volume.
*John J. HONIGMANN* is a student in the Anthropology Department of the Yale University Graduate School.
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*Otto BIRD* is on the faculty of St. John's University, Brooklyn, N. Y., and on the staff of the CIP News Service.
*J. K. PAULDING* frequently contributes book reviews to THE COMMONWEAL.
*Max FISCHER*, a European journalist now living in New York, contributes articles to THE COMMONWEAL and other periodicals.
*Edward L. KEYES* is one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL.


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